

AN  
ANSWER  
TO  
ASGILL'S APOLOGETICAL ORATION  
UPON AN  
Extraordinary Occasion;  
Written by Way of  
POSTSCRIPT  
TO THE  
CONSOLATORY LETTER  
TO A  
NOBLE LORD,  
Late in the MILITARY SERVICE.  
By the AUTHOR of the said LETTER.

---

— “*Motos præstat componere factus.*” VIRG.

“*It is the best way to be quiet.*” LANGSTON.

---

To which is annexed, a Soliloquy of a late N-ble C-m-m-nd-r upon the Anniversary of the First of August.  
Sent by an unknown Hand from Scotland.

*Hic dies mihi vere festus, atras  
Eximet curas. Ego nec tumultum,  
Nec mori per vim metuam.*

HOR.

---

L O N D O N,

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

L O R D G — S —

My Lord,

**T**HE following answer to the Apologetical Oration was written with a view to be added by way of postscript to the seventh edition of the Consolatory Letter; but receiving afterwards the annexed *libel* on your L--rd---p from Scotland, I changed my purpose, and published them separate from the letter, as the adding *both* of them to it, would have swelled it too large for the price; and I could not think of suppressing the publication of the Soliloquy, because, as it is said your Lordship has now fixed your residence in that kingdom, you might know you have, at least, *one* enemy there, and by this means be able to detect and avoid, if not punish, him.—I have, however, still published it under the original intended title of a Postscript, that the former purchasers of the letter may have the advantage of affixing this to it, without being obliged to be at a  
double

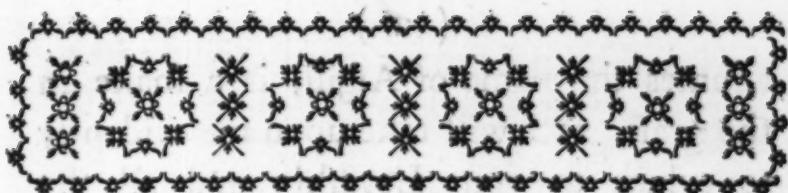
double expence. I hope, my Lord, before long, to have it in my power to assure you, in person, how much I am, with all the respect due to so *great* a Personage,

My Lord,


Your Lordship's most humble Servant,

The Author of the Consolatory Letter.

P O S T.



POSTSCRIPT  
TO THE  
CONSOLATORY LETTER  
TO A  
NOBLE LORD.

 I N C E the publication of the former editions of the Consolatory Letter "an Apologetical Oration" upon an extraordinary occasion" has been published, my Lord, by the *spirit* of one *Asgill*, who, as he tells us, shook hands with mortality two and twenty years since. I am greatly concerned that your Lordship's cause should fall under the hands of *such* an advocate. I agree with him that he is "a busy spirit," but I think him *over-busy* too, and in place of serving, that he has (and intentionally too) greatly hurt you. Instead of a friend, this *Asgill*, or this fellow who
 

B
assumes



assumes the name of Afgill, is a snake in the grass, as I will take upon me evidently to evince to your Lordship and all the world.

First, my Lord, he has given rise to many witticisms from your enemies. One exclaims, " his Lordship was in the right, " when there was no *substance* of an excuse " left for him, to substitute the *shadow* of " a vindication." Another cries " I am of " your mind, Mr. Afgill, never entertain- " ment pleased me more than L. G. S's " trial—*except his sentence.*"—A third, my Lord, on perusing it at a coffee-house, where I was present, flew out in a great passion, that it was *your own writing*, and that all who read the trial printed for O--n would be convinced of it: upon which he immediately penned the following ill-natured lines.

Thy vindications pray give o'er,  
Thy conduct can have no defence;  
The more you stir, a jakes the more,  
It strikes the offended sense.

A fourth exclaims, " come, come, Mr. " Afgill, *you* of all others, ought to have " held

“ held your tongue, for his Lordship owes  
 “ all his misfortunes to you alone.”—“ Do  
 “ not shake thy hoary locks at me.”—  
 “ Yes, I say, owes it all to you, to your  
 “ *dying*: for had you luckily been *alive*  
 “ upon the *first* of *August* 1759, his Lord-  
 “ ship had done his duty; *your* labours  
 “ must have convinced him that the *glut-*  
 “ *ton* DEATH would be absolutely *starved*  
 “ (the *cormorant* has no *flesh* upon his *bones*  
 “ as it is) if it were not that we mortals  
 “ *pamper* him through *fear* \*.”

A fifth——but it would be endless to  
 recount to your Lordship, *all* that the ma-  
 licious world says on this “ extraordinary  
 occasion;” I shall therefore only give you  
 my sentiments; and shew you in the end  
 how much I am your Lordship’s friend in  
 pulling off the mask from Mr. Afgill.

\* *Afgill* wrote a treatise to prove that *death* was owing only  
 to a *fear* of it, and that no person would ever die who had a  
 firm persuasion in that doctrine. He declared he was firmly  
 persuaded he should never die himself, and desired *that* might  
 be the test of the truth of his hypothesis—However like the  
 rest of the world, he went the way of all mortals, and thereby  
 overthrew all his arguments, which were, notwithstanding,  
 ingeniously wrote.

Mr. Asgill (page 3.) calls your judges modern Areopagites.---I am obliged to him for the term, the only thing I am indebted to him for, throughout his whole piece, as this enables me to put you in mind of one piece of happiness your Lordship enjoyed by living in *modern* rather than *antient* times. It was the custom, you know, for the antient Athenian Areopagites to confine their culprits in dismal caves hewn in the solid rock; instead of which, it was *your* good fortune, my Lord, during the long course of your trial, to have no other prison than your own magnificent house, where, in place of the bare damp ground, happily your Lordship *rested*, (for under your *then* disagreeable circumstances, I will not take upon me to say *slept*) “on thrice driven down.”

There is another piece of good fortune I cannot help reminding your Lordship of. Your friend Asgill tells us (page 2.) that he had sometimes pretty much business to do in St. Stephen's chapel, but that at length the plenitude of their power concurring with the extravagancy of their malice, his enemies drove him from thence. How  
happy



happy then is your Lordship, after being driven from C---t and the presence of your K---; dismissed every employment you held, either civil or military; declared unfit ever to be restored; branded by the *inhuman* populace, with the *mob*-accusation (as Mr. Afgill terms it, page 43) of the want of courage; and driven, as it were, by the cruelty of your enemies, a v-g-b-and about his M----y's dominions; that you have not yet been \*\*\*\*\* the \*\*\*\*\*, but fortunately retain the *right* and *honour* of a \*\*\*\* in \*\*\*\*\*.

Afgill appeals (page 7.) to the *public* in your favour, and *seems* to tickle them with the epithet of *impartial*, but artfully, the very leaf before, takes care to put them in too ill a humour to be pleased with it, by impudently calling them the *mob*, and asserting that their judgment is never uninfluenced.

Page 18, He says, my Lord, that you "had no difficulty about going (to where the Prince had ordered you)" but that you conceived it right "to know first, how you was to go, and next, where you was to stop. This, continues he, "might

“ might be *cautious*, but why was it *culpable* ?” What an arch villain ! He asks this question only for the ill-natured to reply, that you had been, already, *sufficiently* acquainted *how* you was to go : and as to *where* you was to *stop*, it could be only determined, when you was tired in pursuit of your enemies, or they were flown beyond all reach. He then tells his readers (page 19) that “ *some* of your officers thought “ you might have advanced *without* this “ caution ; but if in these things (continues “ he) L. G. had not a *superior* judgement, “ how came he to be commander in chief “ of all the British forces ?” --- What an imputation, my Lord, on *every* officer then under the command of your Lordship ! Will not they, in their own vindication, naturally cry out, “ L. G. had not greater “ judgment (and the more irritated will say, “ had less courage) than many, *very many* “ officers, much beneath him in point of “ post.” Will not they also assert, my Lord, in answer to this infamous aspersions, that on the *unfortunate* death of the Duke of Marlborough, you was appointed to succeed him, not through merit, but seniority of rank alone ; and that if this had not  
 been

been the case, the question might *indeed* have been asked, " HOW CAME HE TO BE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES ?"

Mr. Afsill mentions (page 21) your Lordship's passing within the reach of the French batteries, in order to go to his Serene Highness, as a proof of your courage; thereby purposely giving occasion to your enemies to remark, that it was a *much less dangerous step* than going to where the Prince had ordered you.

He asserts (page 22) that " you drew " your sword, and ordered your men to " march, when you was told to advance " on account that *the enemy were in disorder* ;" and then he exclaims, " Now, in " the name of wonder ! what could the " bravest, or most steady man, have done " more ?"—Does not your Lordship see through this piece of villainy ? — Why he plainly puts it in the mouth of your foes, to say, that it would have been *braver* to have gone up to the enemy, BEFORE *they had been put in disorder*.

Page 29. He says, " But the most obvious, the most apparent *mistake*, was the peremptory determining the motion of the cavalry of the right wing, by the left, through the wood. The single *mistake* L. G. committed here, was his not falling *into* the *mistake*."—What a jargon ! was ever any thing so perplexed ? my blood boils in your behalf, my Lord, at this fellow, for it was evidently and palpably wrote intentionally so, in order that your Lordship's enemies might reprove him, by upbraiding him in his own words (page 3) that " his inveterate affection for paradox survives him, or rather survives in him," and that (page 6) " all who *pretend* to aim at the disquisition of truth, take as many different ways, as the alchymists do to find gold, *and very often with the like effect*."

It would have swelled my postscript, my Lord, to more than the bulk of my letter, had I traced the subtleties, arts, and contrivances, of this imp of Satan, this pretended friend ! step by step. I have, I think, however, sufficiently detected this wolf in  
sheeps

sheeps cloathing; and shall therefore only take a little notice of the *extraordinary post-script* which he has published to the second edition of his *extraordinary Apologetical Oration*, and then conclude.

“ Clamour, says he, (page 42.) is indeed very loud, but clamour, *Heaven be praised*, does not always last.”—It was your Lordship’s great good fortune that clamour, by the mutability of English tempers, seemed, until this fellow published his artful rascally oration, in respect to yourself, happily *lulled asleep*. What a rogue in grain, then, my Lord, is this Asgill! to *rouse* that clamour, which, perhaps, would otherwise have never *awoke*—but he has confessed himself to have been a *busy-body*, and now a *busy-spirit*; and, as he tells us (page 42.) “ *Old habits are inveterate.*”

Page 43, He says, “ the charge against your Lordship was simply disobedience of orders from whatever motive that disobedience arose; and that the want of courage was dextrously thrown in to make weight, *because it was more odious than the charge.*”

C

—Here



—Here he is at it again, my Lord ; throwing answers into your enemies mouths. How, they will say, can cowardice be more odious than disobedience of orders ? when the fellow has told us (page 9.) that “ every “ thing in military affairs depends upon “ obedience ; and that the breach of it is “ therefore considered as the *greatest* crime ; “ and *as* the greatest crime, *deserves* the “ *highest* punishment.” Indeed (they will continue) he tells us, that *not performing*, and *refusing to obey*, are two different things ; but that is all stuff, all prevarication ! and the Court-martial, by their decision, plainly considered it *as* such : otherwise no delinquents would ever be punished, as they might easily screen the *latter* under the appearance of the *former*. Besides, was there ever such a blockhead ? does not he tell us himself, in the postscript (page 45.) that “ cowardice is a *constitutional* defect, “ and more *light* than the *charge* ? ” but, to set him right, in respect to this article, let us tell him, that the scrutiny into his Lordship’s courage was thrown in, to discover whether his disobedience arose from cowardice, or (as has been suggested) from pique,

pique, resentment, or what other motive.—Thus you see, my Lord, this Aſgill, by his artful weak arguments, and contradictions of himſelf, gives an opportunity, to the malicious, to raiſe *objections*, and give *reaſons*, that would have never been thought of, but for him.

Page 44, He aſſerts, that “ your Lordſhip’s birth, ſervice, blood ſpilt in the “ ſervice, riſe in the Britiſh army, and, “ *above all* the command you then held, “ rendered any ſuggeſtions of cowardice “ equally injurious and ridiculous.”—Here again his Machiavilian art aſſiſts him; as he knows your Lordſhip’s foes will naturally answer, that hiſtory furniſhes but too many inſtances of ſupreme commanders wanting courage; and therefore that ſuch a ſuggeſtion, *becauſe you was firſt in command*, is neither injurious nor ridiculous. And that, perhaps, living inſtances *might* be found where a perſon had fought *bravely*, and *ſpilt* his *blood* in the ſervice, at *one* time, and unhappily behaved *iinconſiſtently* with true courage at *another*.

Every one must agree with him, my Lord, where he says (page 46.) “ that  
 “ when you had sustained, *before* your trial,  
 “ all that man *could* sustain (and *more* in-  
 “ deed than *most* men) that *you did not take*  
 “ *shame to yourself*, nor seek shelter in man-  
 “ kind’s compassion.” —But how extreme-  
 ly ill does he use your Lordship in not also  
 observing, that though you unfortunately  
 appear guilty, more or less, (as Tim says)  
 in the eyes of all the world, [myself in-  
 deed excepted] yet you have the FORTI-  
 TUDE even now, *after* your trial, to take  
*no shame to yourself*.

How much does he wrong your Lord-  
 ship in saying (page 46.) “ after having  
 “ been stript of your employments and re-  
 “ putation, that *all* you had left was your  
 “ life ?” —It is well known your Lordship  
 had left the only thing (in the opinion of  
 the many) that can make life valuable,  
 and that is—money.—Yes, my Lord, a  
*little* of *that* you *had* left; or the Scotch  
 villa (as is reported) could never have been  
 purchased by you, at the *trifling* sum of  
 TEN THOUSAND POUNDS; and I  
 con-

congratulate your Lordship that it is affirmed, this is not a *sixth* part of *what you have left*. — How ill, my Lord, has this Afgill used you ! much worse than the world itself ; for he not only strips you of your employments, and your reputation, but most inhumanly reduces you to a very *beggar*.

The last thing I shall take notice of, my Lord, is, where he affirms (page 47.) to this effect : that by running the hazard of a trial, (and which you did voluntarily) *that* hazard, to say the least of it, was not inferior to any to which you had been exposed in the field. — This is the deepest laid scheme in the whole of Afgill's plot, and lays your Lordship entirely open to the cavils of the inveterate censurers of your conduct. What hazard (they will say), did his Lordship run ? there was, he well knew, had he been found worthy of death, a loop-hole in the l—w, big enough for him to creep out at, as being, when tried, no military subject. O faith ! we conceive you now, master Afgill ; — “ he run a hazard “ not inferior to any he run in the field ! ”  
true,

true, true, we allow it, for, by the most strict scrutiny, we cannot find he ran any (or scarce any) at all.—What a blow is this, my Lord, to the opinion which, even, your enemies had of you before, *viz.* that however ill you behaved in the field, you acted like a man of spirit in demanding a trial !

As your Lordship has fixed upon a retreat, and *not* where I advised you to in my Consolatory Letter, it will be expected, before I finally conclude, that I should say something on that head, and remonstrate to you the little regard you paid to the advice of so *singular* a friend, as I have approved myself to your Lordship.—Asgill says (page 42.) “it is better to confess our faults than “ attempt, like a Hicks’s-hall solicitor, to “ traverse and avoid them.”—To this I agree, and frankly confess that my counsel was wrong: and that however clearly I have unravelled the causes of *past* events, that I had no penetration into *future* ones, till your Lordship opened the *view*: or I might as easily have perceived, as your *Lordship*, that Scotl--nd was the most eligible retreat. For as *that* c--nt-y will  
likely



likely come into great play, *by and by*, (your Lordship knows what I mean) it was the most judicious scheme in nature to secure an extensive *Influence* there; and which, your Lordship, *with what you have left*, will no doubt be able to effect.

A SOLI-



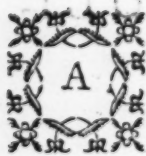
A  
S O L I L O Q U Y

O F A L A T E

N -- B -- E C -- M M -- N D -- R.

On August 1, 1760.

*Hic dies mihi vere festus atrox  
Eximet curas. Ego nec tumultum,  
Nec mori per vim metuam.* HOR.



UGUST's first day ! thy sweet return  
I hail.  
Black fears no longer in my heart pre-  
vail ;

Safe, undisturb'd, in cool retreat at Kn—le,  
I pour'd out every passion of my soul.  
O my blest genius ! resolute and strong,  
To urge me diametrically wrong ;  
How have thy efforts now confirm'd my peace,  
And given all my apprehensions ease ?  
That phantom honour haunts me now no more,  
Nor cowards terror, a Court-martial's pow'r !

I thank

I thank thee justice for thy scales so even,  
 Thy sword unsheath'd, yet merciful as Heaven.  
 Unfit to serve my country—nothing new ;  
 To serve my King—as ready and as true.  
 To serve my self—no sentence can prevent ;  
 Self-preservation my unfailing bent ;  
 To this great law, first, and for ever, true,  
 The whole obedience of my life is due.  
 Shown oft in prudent distance from the slain,  
 But most conspicuous on M-and-n's plain ;  
 There, by a firm fix'd dastardness of heart,  
 Where honour, virtue, glory had no part,  
 My life, my all, was still preserv'd my own,  
 And who can life restore when once 'tis gone ?

Let Ferdinand a hero still appear,  
 And British trophies of his vict'ry wear,  
 Like Cæsar bold, let Granby's valour too,  
 Cover his noble head with laurels due.  
 Let Wolfe receive the honours of his death,  
 Let Townshend merit to his latest breath ;  
 Be ev'ry squadron, as their leaders, brave,  
 Their reputation, and their country save ?  
 Envy I scorn, mistaken passion ! vile !  
 At such exploits my only care to smile.  
 They fight, and conquer, bleed and die for me,  
 From orders, expectation, action free.

Oh ! I shall ne'er forget my anxious mind,  
 When G—ge to my request a trial sign'd.  
 F—I not to know how merciful his graces,  
 When all he took from S——lle were his places,

D

And

And left his name but gradually to rot,  
 All faults in English anger soon forgot ;  
 Thus in the latest records doom'd to stain  
 The faithful memoirs of a glorious reign.

Artful I strove to win my judges hearts,  
 No stranger to their piety or parts.  
 Religious power I civilly disown'd,  
 To honour bow'd with reverence profound,  
 There rais'd my hopes, there plac'd my confidence,

For honour is, all truth, all right, all sense.  
 What tho' who honour more than oaths revere  
 Do Baal to Elijah's God prefer ?  
 I spoke my self—afraid of present blame,  
 Appealing to that prostituted name ;  
 A name of wond'rous force to screen a lye,  
 And shade th' omniscience of the Deity.

Was not my Aid du Camp instructed right ?  
 His pistols charging, he prepared for fight.  
 At head of Inniskilling, or of Bland,  
 No matter which—I stood with sword in hand.  
 While Sl--per, pur-blind to my zealous care,  
 Believ'd me pale and trembling thro' fear,

One question hurt me, had the cavalry,  
 If moving when the Prince first sent to me,  
 In time the infantry, so press'd, sustain'd ?  
 They had—and I superior glory gain'd.

Such

Such glory, prelude to more martial toils !  
 A life like mine of all its comfort spoils ;  
 The honours which that day I might have won,  
 A forfeiture to the next morrow's fun ;  
 Had only added danger, loss, disgrace,  
 Perhaps my being——O this better place !

Oft then as this fair morning's annual light,  
 Undraws the gloomy curtains of the night,  
 With pleasing images, and grateful eye,  
 My *goddess* SAFETY ! to thy shrine I'll fly.  
 There each offensive weapon consecrate ;  
 To war and warriors swear eternal hate,  
 Forget employments, titles, noble race ;  
 My King, my country——every hope deface.  
 I, S—th, and H—th—m here will vegetate  
 A quiet, harmless, safe triumvirate.

Thus *ignes fatui*, meteors of the earth,  
 To flat'lent exhalations owe their birth.  
 Sparkle in mists, those they should guide, betray,  
 Taking the lead, and sure to lead astray.  
 Void of all useful light, all real fire,  
 To the same mud from which they rose retire,  
 In vapour, silence, and in stink expire. }



*The same Day with this Postscript, &c. was published, (price one Shilling.)*

**A** New Edition (being the *Seventh*) of the Consolatory Letter to a Noble Lord, late in the Military Service.

\* \* This Pamphlet contains some remarkable Anecdotes of his Lordship's former Conduct both in E-gl-nd and I--l-nd, *never before printed*; and illustrates his behaviour at the battle of M-nd-n, and the principal occurrences in the *two* printed Trials, in a quite different light from what they have hitherto been taken.

There is also in this *Seventh* Edition some singular *new* Anecdotes, and large Corrections, Alterations, and Additions, *not in any of the former Impressions*.

*" Never more be Officer of mine."*

---

*-----O now, for ever!*

*Farewel the plumed Troop, and the big Wars;  
The Spirit-stirring Drum, the Ear-piercing Fife;  
The Royal Banner, and all Quality,  
Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of glorious War,  
Farewel: for S-----lle's Occupation's gone.*

SHAKESPEAR.

London, printed for S. Hooper, near the New Church,  
in the Strand, and J. Williams, upon Ludgate-hill.

(Price One Shilling.)

